e scene if "old C." came along and some in one should present him a whip handle and ask him to put an edge on it. Notwithstanding he was somewhat handleapped by being made the central figure of such scenes, he made a light by mending and grinding. He was about the only one of his trade who traveled about.

To a stranger a man well up in years who wore a wooden stump in place of a missing leg was an object of interest, when under observation while he was managing the team of a stone yard the seemed, indeed, to be more active than the most able-bodied men, and there appeared to be no class of work in which he was not at home. Either on wagon seat or mounted, his management of horses was superb, and in lifting and handling heavy stone he was one of the most active.

The "Lion Man."

There was one man who had come to be

known throughout the city as well as he had been known in the department where

he was employed and was frequently point-

he was employed and was frequently pointed out as the "lion man." In those days menageries were simply a collection of wild animals that could be seen only in their cages, with perhaps ar exhibition of a few tricks behind the bars. Such a show had pitched its tent near the southeast corner of the canal (B street) and 7th street, and one afernoon there was a large crowd present interested in viewing the animals. The

ent interested in viewing the animals. The

Washington Business Establishments.

cellaneous store, and the same hat some-

times covered more than a quartet of pro-

physicians who were also ministers, fre-

maker, who followed his trade, more than once attended his patients in the capacity

The drug stores, with the mortar and pestle and colored glass globe as insignia, excepting only the house of Gilman & Bro.

on the avenue east of 7th street, have changed location and name. Two, at least,

W. Clarke, now a clerk under the District

Seitz, now living, was on New York avenue

11th street is now Brentano's. Morrison &

Sons, formerly on the avenue, is represented by Wm. Morrison, on F st.; Wm.

Ballentyne is opposite the location of Gray & Ballentyne, where he had just started in

business. The book and stationery business has found new locations, and those

then in business-about a dozen-have

The site of R. Farnham's book store at

miscarrying in any particular.

When Washington had reached its semi-

most active.

prominence.

yond the District. His employment brought of herb doctor; as a minister he admin-him in contact with the public, being one of stered spiritual consolation in the dying

the clerks at the court house, and he had the entre of nearly every house in the District, for his services were in demand as an entertainer. Indeed, at the public hells the

entertainer. Indeed, at the public bans the entertainer. Indeed, at the public bans the ladies would inquire if "Charley" was on hand, and all would feel that without him hand, and all would feel that without him families called for his services there was no families called for his services the families called for

was not so attractive. He was brought up of the old-time druggists survive—Dr. D. B. in the music business, was somewhat of a Clarke of the Frankin Insurance Company

There was scarcely a neighborhood in nearly all died, Mr. Ballentyne only being

young people in a distant part of the city, survivors of the dentists of their day.

Known as "The Steamboat." There was a department clerk known as the steamboat from his habit of throwing

his head back and blowing so hard that

the noise made was similar to escaping

steam. His habit was to reach the depart-

ment some time before 9 o'clock, and get-

ting the paper of a fellow clerk would be engrossed in the news when the subscriber arrived. The gentlemanly disposition of the latter precluded him from asking for the paper, and the reader often did not law it down for how.

Finally a mischlevous employe, in the interest of the subscriber, procured a paper of the corresponding day of the week and

month, and, by the aid of a printed figure or two and the paste pot, made a four-year-old paper appear to be new. The consequence was that the reader was soon con-

vinced that history was repeating itself, but when at last he found that he had

been duped there was such an explosion as to make his sobriquet more appropriate

manners and genial ways of the generation which preceded him, and he knew almost every man, woman and child in the Dis-

trict. It was his habit when enjoying the shade in his chair on the curb of the ave-

nue east of 6th street to watch for some one to get a laugh on. When he saw an acquaintance approaching he would take off his wig and place it in his hat, of course

becoming unrecognizable. People would pass without speaking to him, but when turning, he having replaced his bought hair, they would greet him with "Fine evening, colonel."

"What do you mean by insulting me?" the colonel would explain. "I'm not to be passed one minute unnoticed and be taken up the next. What do you mean by it

"Indeed, I beg your pardon," would be the response. "This is the first time I've seen you today."

"That's not true. I saw you ten minutes

ago," the colonel would say. "Who was sitting in that chair when you walked

past?"
"Why, nobody but an old bald-headed

gentleman," would be the reply.
"Would you recognize him?" would be
the next question of the colonel, raising his
hat with the wig attached. As may be sup-

posed, this would cause a laugh which was ended in some "smiles" at a neighboring bar or by smoking some of Harry Winter's

In Demand as Entertainer.

Few have forgotten a veritable every

lady's beau of those days, a descendant of

Irish stock with the ready wit, genial dis-

position and more than an ordinary educa-

as a story teller, whose fame extended be-

trict, for his services were in demand as an entertainer. Indeed, at the public balls the

during the evening she feit that she was slighted. This genial character came from

Capitol Hill.
What is now known as South Washing-

ton, then simply "The Island," had a some-what similar character, but in person he

way was due. It is related that on one oc-

up. Then their appreciative sentiment was expressed by an astonished Northern Lib-

erty girl exclaiming: "If that is Mr. —— 1 never was so disappointed in my life, and

scarcely believe that so much entertainment

There was also a most fashionably dress-

ed tailor in town who was quite a beau under the name of Leinkturndada.

could come from one with so plain a face.

law it down for hours.

than ever.

cigars.

## MANY ODD PEOPLE

Famous Town Characters of Long Ago.

NICKNAMES AND FADS

OLD RESIDENTS WILL RECALL MANY DESCRIBED.

How Infant Industries in Washington Gradually Expanded.

About forty years have elapsed since old Charley Finnegan was one of the characters of the capital, said an old resident of Washington, and he was known far and wide as a night-line hackman. A substantial old carryall, somewhat antiquated in style, and a pair of horses more adapted for work than show, constituted his stock in trade. Being acquainted with every crook and corner of the city, as well as with nearly every person here, and possessing a jolly, good-natured disposition and the ready wit of a son of the emerald isle, despite his one fault which made him en enemy to himself, he had many friends. While the majority of people were asleep

he made a living. One July night, however, he was instrumental in bringing one of his friends to grief. The metropolitan police had not been long established, and the beats often covered miles of territory. In the eastern part of the city one of these patrol circuits included the commons about what is now Lincoln Square, and to this was assigned one midnight an officer who had been but a short time on the force. As he sauntered along Pennsylvania avenue southeast he saw a slowly moving object on the commons, which, upon investigation, he found

heavy work could be taken from his own shoulders.

After a few interviews with the boy's his paper. heavy work could be taken from his own shoulders.

After a few interviews with the boy's parents the papers were drawn. These covenanted explicitly as to the master furnishing him all necessary food and clothing, and so much money after the first year, he to fully instruct him in the art of the carpenter and joiner, and finishing by giving him work in mortising and framing the last year. The papers were signed and the boy went to work. For a year or two he and his employer appeared to be well suited to each other, although at times the exactions of the boss were onerous. The last year each other, although at times the exactions of the boss were onerous. The last year came around, and the shop was full of work, and one morning the boy was directed to take a shovel, go to a certain lot and dig post holes for a fence. He willingly complied, supposing he was only to start the work; but before sundown he commenced to wonder if "Old Gimlet Eyes" did not leak upon digging nost holes as "mornot look upon digging post holes as "mor-tising" the earth and that he was there-

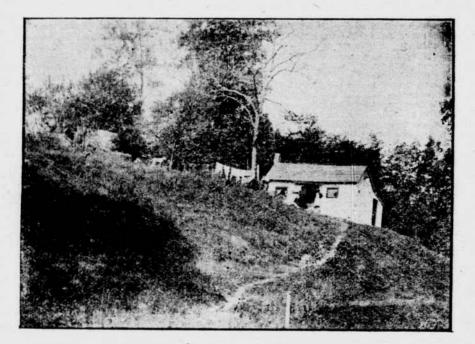
fore living up to his obligations as to the last year of the apprenticeship.

When reporting the job uncompleted the next morning he was told to finish it. Remarking that there was no "fine work" about it, he left with his shovel. But there was no more such mortising for him to do. when the story got out "old steam boat" was very chary of meeting people familiar with him. For years he was bound to be asked "how many times the battles in Mexico had been fought over."

There were some of the old people who were inveterate jokers, one of whom was a man whose head was as bare of natural heir as a billigrad hell but ordinarily was was no more such mortising for him to do, was no more such mortising for him to do, for in a few hours, by the aid of steam, much territory intervened between him and the post holes. Though the boy lacked a year before completing his time, the master had so thoroughly educated him in the art that he was regarded as a first-class mechanic in every respect.

mechanic in every respect.
"Old Gimlet Eyes" wanted him badly, hair as a billiard ball, but ordinarily was covered by a fine wig. This gentleman was one of the old-timers who retained the frilled shirt, the Jacksonian hat and the and endeavored through his family and former companions to ascertain his whereabouts. Finally, securing a heavy contract with the government, he determined to overlook the escapade if his apprentice would return to work and, besides, offered to pay him wages the balance of his time. The boy was informed of the change in his apprentice would return to work and, besides, offered to pay him wages the balance of his time. macter's intentions, and in a short time was handling the finest tools.

"Old Gimlet Eyes" entered a hardware store one day and overheard a salesman say when he received a call for a few pounds of nails that there were just so many in a pound. He remarked that such knowledge was of value, and advised the clerk to ascertain the number in a pound of lath nails, but was in turn advised that to a person with such an exact eye as he had it was important to know how many mustard seed shot were in a pound and in a load and the proportion wasted. But, take him all in all, "Gimlet Eyes" was a first-class mechanic and was as exact in doing justice to his patrons as he was in securing his dues. Of the many buildings erected by him fifty years ago few can be found today not in reasonably good condition. Indeed, there are two-stroy and to be Finnegan's team, with Finnegan on the box in such a condition as to have no control of his horses, which were walking as substantial as when they were first



STILL IN ROCK CREEK PARK.

the go-as-you-please gait. The officer halted the animals, and with difficulty aroused Charley. He said: "Charley, I'll have to run you in." "Oh, no, me darlint, I hope ye won't," replied the hackman, reaching the ground slowly.

Then followed a conversation in which that, kindly as he felt toward him, he could

Tharley eloquently pleaded to be let off, and the officer tried to make him believe not shirk his duty. Neither would budge om their positions, and Charley reached to his box and drew forth a bottle of a favorite brand of whisky, praising its quality in the warmest terms and assuring the officer that he could never have tasted anything like it.

Succumbs to Temptation.

The temptation was great and the officer look a taste, to be followed by a good-sized wig. Then Charley touched the 'craythur' and alternately the bottle passed from one to the other until the rising sun indicated to the officer that his tour of duty was nearly at an end.

Persuading Charley to get into the hack, the officer mounted the box, and turning the horses' heads, started on his way stationward. Finnegan was asleep in a few moments and the horses had made but 100 ards when the lines fell and they relapsed nto a walk, the officer following Charley's example. The team was seen by some of Navy Yard people slowly walking down 8th street, and in a little while a crowd gathered. It was a case where the positions of driver and passenger, captured and captor, were reversed, the policeman in a re drowsy condition than the horses, was

much to pass unnoticed. Near the old Anacostia engine house, 9th d K street southeast, Mr. J. Orville Johnn had but a short time before located a notograph gallery, and it was suggested nat such a subject should be preserved. The suggestion was acted on at once, and in a few minutes the team and occupants were in position and the picture taken. Charley's team, with him as passenger, was driven to his home and the officer was not reported. It happened, however, that in a few weeks a copy of the picture reached headquarters and started an inquiry, which led to the policeman's resignation. The latter in a sho.t time was doing good work on the stage, and it may be said that while Finnegan's bottle deprived the police force of the services of an officer it gave the stage a good actor. The officer-actor died

several years ago.

Knight of Hatchet and Saw. There was a somewhat exacting but a scrupulously honest old carpenter-more than a mere knight of hatchet and sawknown as Old Gimlet Eyes, the cognomen being bestowed because of the diminutive size of his optics, as well as for his reputation for close dealing. He was one of the last of the old-time carpenters to give up the ancient forms of the apprentice system. When a boy entered his service to learn the trade all the covenants in use in previous ages were inserted in the papers. It so happened that there lived near him a lad, stalwart of build for his age and above the average in intelligence, and the carpenter's that by meeting the carrier and getting covetous eyes were set upon him. With the paper from him disappointed the early

and by his singing and conversation soon became the life of the party. It was in the on its present location then, under Thos. warm summer time, and dusk when he Havenner & Sons, and is still conducted by built. The apprentice who did not regard post-hole digging as marise work, after making as good a record in the business world as did "Old Gimlet," is one of the got there, and for fear of attracting mosquitoes the lamps were not lighted; consequitoes the lamps were not lighted to lamps were not lighted the lamps were not lighted to lamps were quently his new acquaintance did not have substantial citizens of the older generation. a look at his features till the party broke near 10th street.

Familiar Figures.

"Old Leech," with a frame that was long, lank and wiry, attired in the old-fashioned habiliments and wearing a queue, whose age, if made known, would have confirmed the popular impression that he was one of the few survivors of the continental army, was a familiar figure throughout the city. He was by occupation a cooper and had a fine clientage among the housekeepers, whose barrels, buckets and tubs he was wont to repair, and few were better known or more respected. When once seen he was easily known afterward. He was above six feet that he jocularly gave his height as "five feet fifteen inches, I believe," and from his slight figure, which was aided by a six-foot staff and the long, flowing queue, he appeared to be even

was often followed by boys, who thought

walked back to Georgetown. If their catch had been heavy they would take an omni-bus. Each of them had the reputation of

sometimes when accosted the atmosphere would become, figuratively, blue.

Parson ——, as he was called, a clerk in one of the departments, enjoyed the reputation of being the earliest riser in his section of the city, as well as one of the stingiest of men. It was the latter characteristic which was responsible for his early rising, for being greatly interested in the news of the day and too penurious to buy a paper, he would read the papers of his neighbors. As soor as he thought the paper had been drop; it a neighbor-ing door he was ready pounce down ing door he was ready pounce down upon it, and in good weather would sit on the steps and read column after column of editorial and news matter ere the subscriber was astir. And when the weather was too cold or inclement, he would not hesitate to take the paper home and read it, returning it before the neighbor came down. It is needless to say that the boys of the neighborhood got onto his habit, and

taller.

A blind man who was happily married to a handsome woman was an object of in-terest. He followed the avocation of a peddler, whose "pack" was carried in a basket. As he felt his way with a pole along pavements or gravel walks, or passed over beds of grass, sand or what not, he he might stumble and spill his wares. He was never known to make a misstep, how-ever, and so well was he acquainted with the streets that it was said if he had been landed from a carriage in any portion of the city west of the Capitol he would in ten

minutes discover where he was. Probably the best known fishermen of half a century ago were a distinguished jurist, then located as a lawyer at 9th and F streets, and a well-known barber and hair dresser, then on Pennsylvania avenue near 13th street. The first, a little, old man, in short clothes and slippers, "shad bellied" coat and ruffled shirt, with his rods and buckets, was often accompanied by the other in sporting attire, and it was not uncommon to hear that they had walked to the Little Falls, made a good haul and walked back to Georgetown. If their catch being plain talkers and good swearers, and

covetous eyes were set upon him. With the paper from him disappointed the early the boy in his employ, he argued, much riser, but knowing the boys' route the

WASHINGTON HAND PRINTING PRESS. which some aged colored person did not in business; Mr. D. S. Bishop, who is now a pose as having been a servant of Washington, but it is doubtful if any of the servants could substantiate their claims. As they could do no harm by so claiming, they were humored, and probably none more so than a white-haired old black man of Capitol Hill, known as Jerry Lowe. On gala days, especially when there were military parades, old Jerry paraded. He usually was attired in a uniform somewhat similar to that worn by the Richmond Light Infantry Blues-the tall hat (he being of good stat ure) towering above the heads of the crowd. His exclamation of "Capitol Hill forever" always attracted attention. Frequently he was allowed to march behind the band, and

on such occasions drum majors could get points from his actions.

Partial to Brown Cloth. There was one character noted for his partiality for brown cloth dress, but better known by reason of pungency of the perfumery he used. In attire he was not fer behind the fashion, but it was said he vins satisfied with musk, which had been the favorite perfume years before, and was being used then by a few ladies and others in limited quantities. The habit of having his clothing completely perfumed grew upon him, and in a little while he was so loaded with the odor that he could easily be tracked through the departments. Doubtless he was unaware of offending the pub-lic in the matter, and was ignorant of the cause of his transfer to the rooms in which the musty files of the department were handled, but he served the government therein long and well, and many recalled at his death his long and faithful services. The fiery temper of an old scissors grinder and umbrella mender under ridicule made him a general target when amusement was He was an old man with but one eye, and his habit in conversation of using his h's when not required and dropping them when they were needed indicated his nativity. With his kit pushing along in

Infant Industries Expand. Some businesses which have now arge followings were then in their infancy, that of real estate, mostly confined to the rentals, being engaged in by two or three agents or collectors. W. B. Rooker, oppo-

the lower classes.

All Save One.

All the hatters of that day have, with

their establishments, passed away, save the

Davis firm, which, through J. G. Davis &

Sons, succeeded Todd & Davis after W. B.

Todd located on Pennsylvania avenue be-

tween 6th and 7th streets, now at 12th

street. The jewelry house of the Galts, now

adjoining The Star building, had then been

twenty-five years on the avenue between 9th and 10th streets. The coachmaking es-tablishment of Michael McDermott, near

Pennsylvania avenue and 3d street, is yet

the McDermott factory, and the Young fac

It is interesting to note, as indicating real them when they were needed indicated his nativity. With his kit pushing along in front of him while he jingled his bell, he was often stopped by a faise alarm, when he would fly into a passion and issue invitations to the offenders to a warm place.

The boys in the streets were not his only the street was but one bill poster or distributed in the streets were not his only the streets were not him while he jingled his bell, he was often stopped by a faise alarm, when he would fly into a passion and issue invitations to the offenders to a warm place.

The boys in the streets were not his only the street brought at public sale, was the regarded as a fair price.

The boys in the streets were not his only the street brought at public sale, was the regarded as a fair price. The boys in the streets were not his only tormentors, but grown men about the markets, depots and hotels were always sure of pioneer shirt manufactory was that of for evil.

Wm. H. Faulkner, Pennsylvania avenue east of the street. A cooper shop, Poulton's, was on 8th street near D street.. George Willner of the old-time paper-hangers survives, but recently ceasing active work. The old sign "D. Pearse, umbrella maker," is yet seen, but Corbett and others, who traveled with their kits, have long since passed away.

Illumination by gas had been introduced but a few years before, and pumps and springs furnished the water. Consequently the pumpmaker and well digger and the plumber and gasfitter were about balanced in number, Greenwell, Wm. Tucker and others being then in the pump business. The project for introducing Potomac water into the city was bringing plumbing into prominence, and there were some half a dozen firms in the business, those of J. W. Thompson, John Reese & Co., Cooper & McGhan and McLaughlin & Duffy being located on the avenue. It was regarded as the most promising business of the day, and more youths were seeking apprenticeships in that than in any other of the building trades.

The Old-Time Artisans. The Old-Time Artisans. Of the carpenters of that period a number are living, but few if any, of them are in business. Among the survivors are S. T. G. Morsell, now on the District assessmen board; H. M. Dellenger, George T. Dearing, Peter Gallant and Middleton Birkhead. Of the painters, Mr. George E. Kirk survives, and the Finches, Turnburkes, O'Bryons and others are represented by sons and grand-sons. Anton Eberly was located then where his house of stoves, tinware, etc., is today, on 7th street between G and H streets. A son of F. Kuehling, then a gun-smith, locksmith and bellhanger, is in the

ent interested in viewing the animals. The three or four lions were at rest, lying together in a corner of the cage in such a manner that no satisfactry view could be obtained. The department clerk referred to was a tall, raw-boned man, with arms of great length, and he walked with the longest cane he could buy. A rope had been placed in front of the cages to keep people from getting too near. Noticing that the spectators desired to see the animals at better advantage, the clerk volunteered his assistance. This he gave by pressing as far as he could against the rope and reaching over with his cane, exclaiming: "Get up, you lazy brutes." He stirred the apparently inanimate pile into feroclous activplace of his father, on Pennsylvania avenue west of 12th street. Joseph Gawler and J. Wm. Lee represent their ancestry in the undertaking business in the original loca-No florists' stores were here then, but the Douglass greenhouses at 15th and G streets and the Bulst gardens on H between 11th and 12th streets were convenient, while Flora Hill of Jardin, near Massachusetts ently inanimate pile into feroclous activity. The effect was seen and felt in an inavenue and 18th streets, and Howlett, near the old almshouse, were regarded as not inconvenient. A coffee-roasting mill was kept by Terrence Riley at 4½ and N streets stant. The infuriated animals made for the bars with hideous cries, and the report that one of the animals had so bent a bar that he was working his way out had no apsouthwest, and near by was Mack's brew-ery. Brick Yard Hill, where were the kilns of A. & T. A. Richards, S. Byington & Co., preciable effect on the crowd, for each man, woman and child was making the effort of their lives to get away. In almost the twinkling of an eye the tent was va-cated, for most of the affrighted crowd crawled under the canvas. This episode brought the hitherto little-known clerk into with others, was then being operated. Davison's brewery, on K and 27th streets, was

How Barbers Drew Trade.

The barbers and hairdressers were, as now, both white and colored, and some of them were exceedingly popular, not a few centenary of corporate life, many of its of them drawing as much custom to their business places carried several lines of places by their entertaining conversation as goods, and were much like what is known by their satisfactory work. Then a barber as "general country stores," these devoted shop was not regarded as established unless the old-time barber's pole proclaimed its to one line of trade being rare. As may be location from the curb opposite the door, designations of tonsorial artists and others supposed, there were numbers of the community whose customs and tastes were as similar being of no avail. Perhaps the best known of the craft, quite famous for his diversified as the stocks of goods in a misjests, was a barber who had a shop on 8th street near the avenue, and made known his profession and location by publishing the following card in the papers of the day: "Edward McCubbin, barber and hair-dresser, Temple of Fashion, No. 1 8th fessions and occupations. There were some tion, a fine singer and performer on the flute, and a most graceful dancer as well sick bed. It is related that a cabinet

street, near Pennsylvania avenue. "E. McCubbin returns his grateful acknowledgments to his friends, and begs leave to nform them that he still continues involved in barberism! To those who will give countenance to his operations he promises the very luxuries of his art. He will smooth the wrinkled face of care and disencumber the temple of the soul of its superfluous adornments. He has a spice of chivalry in his constitution and will take by the nose any one who has the courage to obtrude his facial appendage within the sanctity of his studio. In short, in the way of vo cation, he would

" 'Beard the lion in his den, The Douglas in his hall.'

"In order to be appreciated he must be seen and felt. \* \* Hairdressings, 12½ cents; shaving 6½ cents."

Besides Mr. McCubbin, William H. Green, near the National Hotel; Ross & Smith, E near 13th street; Thomas P. Varlay apparent the city nost office; John singer, and through him much of the enjoyment of the young people in a musical ment. Dr. Daniel MacFarlan and Dr. John ley, opposite the city post office; John Brown, avenue between 14th and 15th streets; Wm. Washington, Parker & Bird, casion he was introduced to a company of Commissioners, are believed to be the only W. R. Parks, Joseph Perry, F. Spicer, G. The bakery known as the Havenner was the latter yet living.

A FORCE OF TWO.

Recollections of One of the First Star Compositors.

During the summer of 1852, while walking down 6th street south of Pennsylvania avenue, I noticed a lone compositor at work at a window in a building opposite where the Pennsylvania railroad station now stands, and, wishing work, I entered the building and inquired of the lone occupant if there was a chance for employment. I was answered that it was the office of The Evening Star, and that there might be a chance as "the other fellow" had quit work the evening before, and I was asked to wait until the proprietor came in. In a short time he came, in the person of Capt. Joseph B. Tate, and upon application to him I was informed that I could go to work, but was also told that funds were sometimes scarce in the establishment and I could not rely upon being paid every week. I took a case and remained there for several weeks, when the office was moved to D street northwest, two doors above 12th street, when the force of compositors was somewhat augmented and Mr. W. R. McLean was installed as foreman. (And here I would say of him that no more competent or kinder-hearted man ever entered a printing office.)

Under W. D. Wallach. A short time after our removal to the two-story house with a sheet-iron roof on D street we were informed that the paper had been sold to Messrs. W. D. Wallach and William H. Hope. As soon as the sale had been made Captain Tate, true to his character for honesty and integrity, asked us acter for nonesty and integrity, asked us to present our unpaid balances for work, and they were promptly paid. The new proprietor put on a larger force and made many improvements in the paper, but no en ever expected it would attain the height it now enjoys, as one of the leading journals of the country, and truly verify the saying that "Large oaks from little acorns

Under the new proprietors I remained in the office for some months, and in 1855 came to Rockville, where for about eight years I had the pleasure, and also the profit, of acting as correspondent for the paper. I am now past the seventy-first milestone, and some of the most pleasant recollections of a long life are connected with The Evening Star. Long may it shine.
SAM. A. MATLACK.

Rockville, Md., November 14, 1902.

GLASS DISEASE.

Organisms That Have Attacked Windows of York Cathedral.

From the London Lancet. A peculiar "glass disease" has broken out amongst the windows of York Cathedral. Some of the thirteenth and fourteenth century glass in the edifice has been removed in order to arrest the "disease." The outbreak is ascribed to a fungus, but the exact nature of its attack upon the glass is

the McDermott factory, and the Young fac-tories of that date are carried on by the sons of the founder. Near the foot of the Capitol and on 7th street near S street are descendants of Wm. Grupe, long a confec-tioner on the post office site, and Harry Kuhl, located opposite, is yet living. Mr. Wm. H. Minnix was then, as now, a claim agent, as were Mr. Z. C. Robbins, a patent agent.—Ex-Mayor Sayles J. Bowen and Elias Kingman, a leading correspondent, were The glass appears to be perforated to such an extent that portions of the glass yield on the slightest touch. Moreover, the transparency of the glass has to a great extent disappeared—in short, the glass here and there exhibits no longer the properties of glass. It is evident that some kind of chemical action has been established, due, perhaps, to the life and habits of a specific ingman, a leading correspondent, were then claim agents.

The Washington Infirmary was then a fungus. Organisms are known, of course, which assimilate silica, for the vast deposits medical school, and there were a number of physicians in practice, most of them of the allopathic school. Dr. Jonas Green, on C street, and J. R. Piper, on 9th street, were of pure silica occurring in a very fine state of division in various parts of Germany consist of the scales of extinct diatomaceae The minute and beautifully formed spithe pioneers in the homeopathic practice, and Dr. Emerson was applying electricity in the treatment of the ills of life. There was then much of the Indian herb, and Thompsonian practice, particularly among the lower classes. cules of the Spongidae and Radiolariae als consist of pure silica. Some years ago we drew attention to the disintegrating powers possessed by certain species of bacteria which attack even the hardest cement with success. The gradual but sure crumbling of the cement used in water reservoirs has been traced to the operation of countless tiny organisms. The action was at first re-garded as being due to the solvent property of carbonic acid and other substances comof carbonic acid and other substances commonly present in water. Under the action of the bacteria the cement slowly resolved into soft mud. The attack is made by the ubiquitous nitrifying organism, the organism which conducts to a large extent the great work of purification throughout nature. The action ceases in the absence of nitrifiable material, and the view is that nitrous acid is produced which acts upon the cement lining of the water reservoir. Clearly the destructive potentialities of low site the city post office, was thus engaged

Story of a Capture in a Missouri Wilderness.

OLD-TIME LANDMARKS

RECALLED AT MEETING OF REM-INISCENCE CLUB.

Swimming Places of Long Ago-Famous Journalistic Banquet-Tales Tersely Told.

It is not often that Captain Jake imposes a story upon the Reminiscence Club, inasmuch as the captain's recollections are principally of a political character, and invariably tinged and punctuated with the views held by the ex-warrior; and, as politics and religion are tabooed topics in the seances of the organization, the old soldier appears much oftener in the role of a listener. At the last meeting of the club, however, Captain Jake became inspired with the idea that it was up to him to break his stience, and he did.

"At the recent gathering of the Grand Army in this city I was forcibly reminded of an event that occurred when the veterans were here ten years ago. One afternoon while standing in front of a hotel where I had enjoyed a sumptuous meal of hog jowl and greens, which I was supplementing with a fragrant perfecto, three gentlemen passed me. They were decked out with badges and medals and decorations sufficient in splendor and number make a South American general scowl with envy. One of them, a stout, jolly-looking fellow, who was in the middle of the trio looked intently at me, and, after walking a few paces, stopped with his companions and came back to where I stood.

"'Stranger,' he said, 'your face is familiar to me. I certainly have seen you

somewhere. 'Quite likely you have,' said L T'm often there. 'Weren't you one of Shelby's horse

thieves?' he asked.

cavalry, if that's what you mean,' I re-"'Same thing,' he said. 'Shake; no of-fense intended.'

"'I was a member of Shelby's brigade of

"He offered his hand and we 'shook." "'I know your face,' the Grand Army man said, 'but can't remember your name.'
"I told him my name. He introduced me to his comrades, and then asked me if I remembered being at Sand Spring, Mo., a place not far from the Arkansas line, during the last year of the war. I was, and

so informed him.
"'Yes; I thought so the moment I saw you just now,' he continued, 'and you are the Johnny Reb, the identical one, who captured me with my command one after-

"Then he turned to his friends and re-lated the incident to them, referring to me occasionally for confirmation of certain portions of his story, which I give you gentlemen just as nearly as I can recollect it. He was a captain himself, and had with him on that occasion a force of about thirty men, and this is his yarn, as

This Was His Story.

"'We had strayed away from our command and got lost somehow or other in a road through a pine wilderness, when we were suddenly surprised by the appearance of the captain here, who had about sixty A Pleasing Theory Which Sounds Like en with him. We were disposed to at them at first, for, upon my word, they looked like the remnant of old Jack Falstaff's army. Few of 'em had shoes, and a lesser number had shirts. Our merri-ment was, however, nipped in the bud, when one of our men ejaculated:

"'Shelby men, by Jupiter!'"
"'We then felt certain that we were on
the threshold of a dismal fate, and our forebodings were in no way pleasant. There was not a man of us who expected to see another sun in the eastern skies, and this feeling was not made any more comfortable when we were ordered off the road to a little camp in the woods. But we were not shot. On the contrary, after taking our shoes and our horses and some other property, they put us under guard; gave us some coffee made from parched corn, which, true to their thieving interests, think they stole from their half-famishe horses, and then the captain here and one or two other officers went off a short distance and had a sort of council of war.

Apprehensive of Being Shot.

"We were still apprehensive of being shot, but to our surprise were permitted to lie down and sleep-those who could sleepand next morning, under a guard-a heavy one, well armed and carrying a flag of truce-were started down the road. Even then we feared direful results, but subsequent events proved they were not to be. We were taken to our own command. The captain shook hands with me, apologized for not having been able to entertain us more sumptuously and turned us over to

our friends. "Well, we were together several hours during that evening," said Capt. Jake, "and, of course, buried the hatchet in good style. I had hoped to see him here again last Oc-tober, but found that he had fought his last battle and yielded to a conqueror from

whom no man escapes."
"Jake, you don't mean to say you took
the shoes from those fellows' feet and stole their clothes, do you?" asked the store-

"We certainly did," said Capt. Jake.
"Of course, you did. It wouldn't have been you if you hadn't," remarked the storekeeper, in his usual amiable and complimentary way. Old Places in Washington.

The spirit moved one of the reminiscencers to speak of old localities in this city that have long been obliterated by the onward march of progress and improvement.

"Old English Hill," said he, "was one of those localities. It was a pretty big mound and stretched from about 3d and North Capitol streets to Massachusetts avenue and E street. Why it was called English I never could imagine, as the majority of those who resided on or about it were Irish. This was in the days of the knownothing party, and there were also a good many anti-Irishmen within its classic pre-

"I remember that the States Hose, an or ganization that was in frequent battle with the Hibernian Club, had a big flagstaff on

English Hill, and that memorial of prov was under the guardianship of the late 'Charley' Hurdle. He was a vigilant guardsman and had a formidable old canmon at the foot of the pole, with which he was ready at any time to mow down a whole regiment of invaders. The government printing office and St. Aloysius Church are located on what was part of English Hill, though in a locality more particularly known as Swampoodle.

ticularly known as Swampoodle.

"There were some famous old swimming places, too, when I was a boy that have almost passed beyond memory. One of them was the 'Blue Cork,' where mothers were willing their little boys might go bathwere willing their little boys might go bathing. The rippling waves of 'Blue Cork'
were not deep enough to drown even the
smallest urchin. Then there were the 'Sycamore' and the 'Point,' where the large
boys indulged in natatorial pleasures. The
present bathing beach occupies the place of
these classic old resorts. Rock creek furnished 'Deep Hole' and 'Plank Falls,' another popular resort where boys caught
minnows and killed bullfrogs.

"Berry's woods and Gales' woods the lat-

"Berry's woods and Gales' woods the lat-ter now known as Eckington, were in the olden times great places for Sunday school picnics. Gypsies were also almost always in Berry's woods, and young people would frequently visit their encampments and the girls would cross with bright silver coin the hands of the queens of the tribe to have their fortunes told. The men of the camps were great horse dealers, and I have seen some magnificent specimens of equine stock among their possessions.

"Horse Heaven."

"Horse heaven was another place where in the evenings boys of all ages would go and shoot night hawks. Where 'horse heaven' was are now whole rows of palatial residences and beautiful asphalt paved avenues. There are lots of other places that I can't think of just now, but they were landmarks of the city all the same."

An old newspaper man who was present at the meeting, referring to the recent death of Col. L. Q. Washington, was reminded of the fact that within the past quarter of a century many prominent journalists of the capital, men known not only here, but all over the country, have passed away. In this connection he told of a banquet ten-dered to the late Col. J. W. Forney by gentlemen representing the great newspapers country, together with editors of the local press in this city. The dinner was given on the evening of Saturday, January 28, 1871. There were about forty attendants, and about twenty-six of that number, including the distinguished guest of the even-ing, have passed to their eternal rest.

Among these he spoke of Thomas B. Florence, who was then publishing the Sun-day Gazette; J. Macfarland, father of the present District Commissioner, who represented the Philadelphia Press; George Adams, then Washington representative of the New York World and other leading journals; L. A. Gobright, at that time chief of the Associated Press bureau at the national capital.

Among others whose memories are held dear to their survivors were mentioned Ben. Perley Poore, I. N. Burritt, Donn Platt, D. F. Murphy, renowned as a stenographer and reporter of congressional debates; W. J. Murtagh, D. C. Forney and U. H. Painter. There were several gentlemen present as invited guests of Col. Forney, nearly all of whom have long been in their graves. Notable among these were Charles Sumner, then senator from Massachusetts; Daniel Dougherty, the eminent lawyer of Philadelphia; General C. K. Graham, the noted New York barrister; Edwin Forrest, the tragedian, and Morton McMichael.

Several of those who were present at the Forney dinner still survive, and have not yet doffed their journalistic harness, and give no evidence of doing so for a time yet. Among these are George Alfred Townsend, the distinguished correspondent; John F. Coyle, whose reminiscences are widely read; Crosby S. Noves of The Washington Star; F. A. Richardson, J. G. Holland, M. W. Barr and a few others who are still actively in the ring in one way or an-

At this point Tuscarora observed that the clock marked 10:30, and without explana-tion or apology sent the congregation home.

THE THUNDER FLOWER.

a Legend. From the London Globe. Science, as every one knows, is very often

the interpreter of legend, as often almost as it is the destroyer of myth and superstition. A notable instance of this happy fate has just been discovered by the Garden in relation to the humble and familiar wild flower, the stonecrop (sedum tectorum). a flower which is known in the lake region as the thunder flower, in Beiglum as dunder blomen, and at Arras as fleur de tonnerre. In the pages of the Pharmaceutical Journal our contemporary has discovered the

following interesting explanation of this ordinary name: Two pharmacists, it is related, were once walking together, when they stopped to admire a fine profusion of the stonecrop on the roof and the outbuildings of a primitive farm house. The tenant, an aged but hale and hearty woman, informed the men of science that a building was protected from thunderstorms by the stone-crop, and she told how that very house was saved by its intervention. "In my grand-father's time," she said, "the lightning struck the roof and turned the thunder flowers all to a jelly, but the house was saved, and that is why it is called the thunder flower." In defense of this pleasing theory, which sounds so very much like a legend, the Garden points out that the stonecrop is very probably a natural light-ning conductor, seeing that it is succulent and full of water. And another authority "There is no reason in life why the explanation should not be correct." The ublquity of the name certainly adds weight to the theory and justifies a decisive scientific opinion on the matter.

Christmas in Hawail. Clifford Howard in St. Nicholas.

Before the missionaries and the American settlers went to Hawaii the natives knew nothing about Christmas, but now they all celebrate the day, and do it, of course, in the same way as the Americans who live there. The main difference between Christmas in Honolulu and Christmas in New York is that in Honolulu in December the weather is like June in New York. Birds are warbling in the leafy trees; gardens are overflowing with roses and carnations; fields and mountain slopes are ablaze with color; and a sunny sky smiles dreamily upon the glories of a summer day. In the morning people go to church, and during the day there are sports and games and merrymaking of all sorts. The Christmas dinner is eaten out of doors in the shade of the yeareds and survivedy is heavy and the veranda, and everybody is happy and

A Grateful Amateur.

From the London Queen. A literary agent received the other day the very warmest letter of thanks that any client ever sent to him. It was from an amateur poet, thanking him for inducing a publisher to take a volume of poems on payment of £55. "Hitherto," wrote the grateful man, "I have always had to pay



THE PRESIDENT'S NEW OFFICE



BRIDGE IN ROC K CREEK PARK.